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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

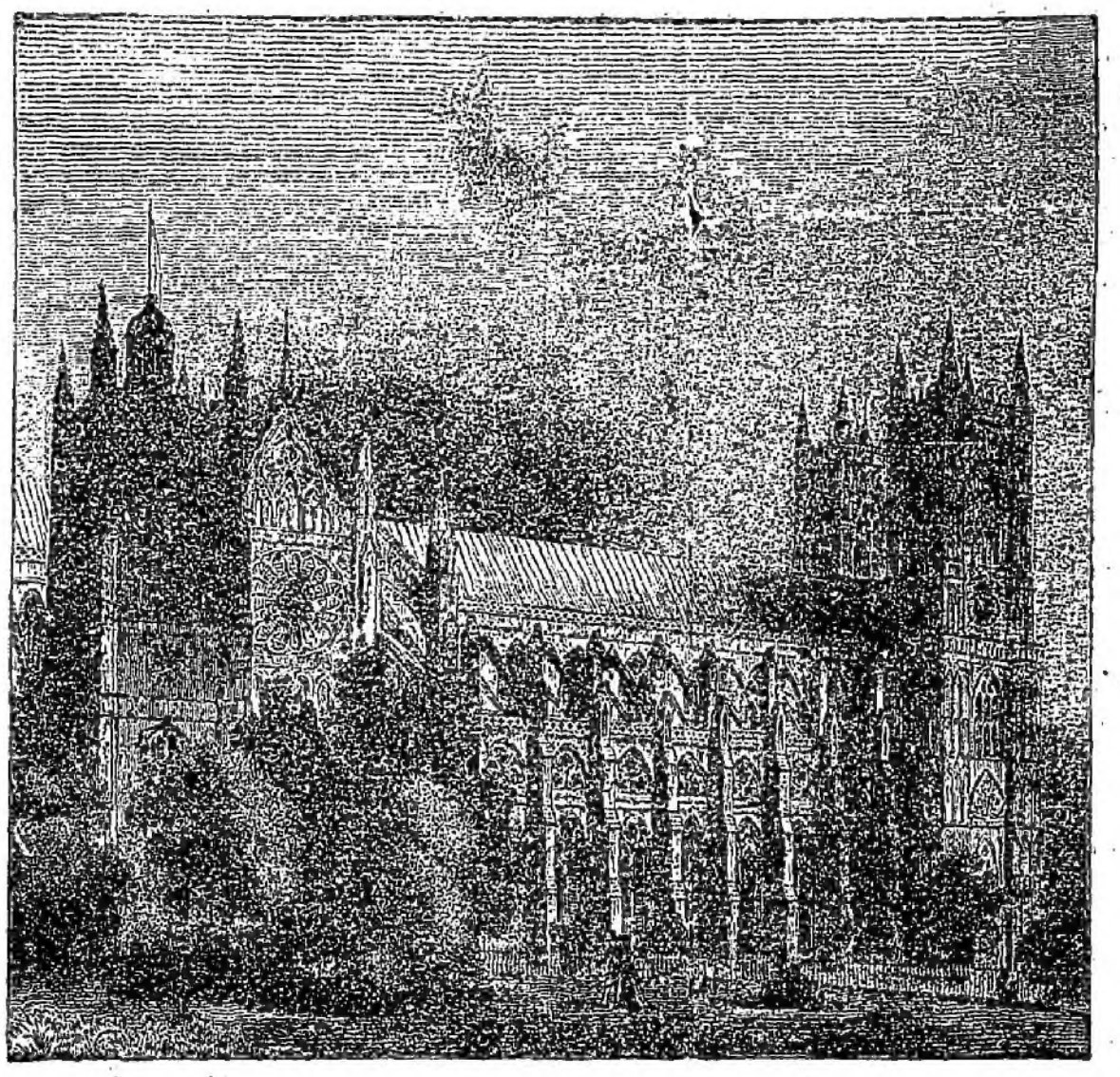
Since the days of Edward the Confessor the kings of England have been crowned in this royal edifice with great pomp and magnificence, and even though the ceremony has been performed elsewhere it was thought necessary to repeat it at Westminster in the presence of all the great personages of the land. The moment the crown is placed on the monarch's head the Tower guns fire a salute in honor of the new head of the nation.

Westminster Abbey was founded by Sebert, king of the East Saxons, in the year 610, but was destroyed by the Danes, and afterward rebuilt in 958 by King Edgar, and again rebuilt and enlarged by Edward the Confessor in 1245. It suffered great injuries in the reign of Henry VIII, and still greater by the Puritans when it was occupied by the soldiers of the Parliament. It was re-constructed by Sir Christopher Wren who in the most able manner added to its beauty and solidity.

The Abbey is of Gothic design, built in the form of a cross 400 feet long and 200 feet wide.

Here lie the dust of many of England's greatest men, and monuments commemorate the lives and deaths of many others whose dust has not been buried here. In the Poet's Corner are monuments to Shakespeare, Milton, Southey, Chaucer, John Dryden, Butler, Campbell, Addison, Sheridan, Beaumont, Spenser, Thomson, Gay, Dickens and many others. In the different chapels are the monuments of Mary Queen of Scots, Henry V. and his brother Richard, Duke of York, murdered by their cruel uncle Richard III., Queen Elizabeth, George II. and his queen, James I. Charles II., Thomas Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. In the centre of the abbey, and nearly surrounded by the different chapels is that of Edward the Confessor, the most ancient and interesting of them all, in the centre of which stands the mosaic shrine of the Confessor before which Henry V. was seized with his last illness while confessing. Here are many fine monuments, such as those of Richard II. and his queen, Henry III., Henry V., Edward III. and his queen. Here are also the two coronation chairs used at the coronation of the sovereigns of Great Britain. One of them, with a stone seat, known as Jacob's Pillow, was brought from Scotland by Edward I. In the Ambulatory is situated the monument to General Wolfe, the captor of Quebec, William Pitt, earl of Chatham, and many others.

This building is a place to enter with bowed head, the visitor being, as it were, in the presence of the greatest men and women of the near and remote past, some of whom were neglected while living but whose real worth was recognized after their death.



UNCLE JOHN'S SOLILOQUY.

Why didn't I see this thing before! Ten dollars for foreign missions, and one year ago I gave fifty cents. And that half dollar hurt me so much, and came so reluctantly! And the ten dollars? Why, it is a real pleasure to hand it over to the Lord. And this comes from keeping an account with the Lord. I am so glad that Brother Smith preached that sermon. He said we should all find it "a good thing to have a treasury in the house from which to draw whenever our contributions are solicited." He asked us to try the experiment for one year—to "set apart a certain portion of our income for the Lord's work." I thought it over, I thought about those Jews, and the one-tenth they gave into the Lord's treasury. I thought what a close-fisted Jew I should have made had I lived in those days. Then I counted up all I had given for the year, and it was just three dollars. Three dollars! and I had certainly raised from my farm, clear of all expenses, $1200. Three dollars is one four-hundredth part of $1200. The more I thought the wider I opened my eyes. Said I "I am not quite ready for the Jew's one tenth, but I will try one-twentieth and see how it works." I got a big envelope and put it down in the corner of my trunk, and as soon as I could put the $60 into it, said I, "Here goes for the Lord." It cost me a little something to say it at first, but when it was done how good I felt over it! When this appeal came for foreign missions all I had to do was just to run to my treasury and get the money. And this all comes *from* keeping an account with the Lord. How He has blessed me this year! I never had better crops. Now I am going to try another plan. I am going to give the profits from one acre, one of my best yearlings and one-tenth of the profits from my orchard. That will carry the Lord's funds up to $75, and if not I will make it up from something else.—*Recorder and Covenant.*

"I SAY UNTO YOU." MATT. 5: 18.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

See how many times these four little words come in this chapter. What the Lord Jesus said so often we surely ought to notice.

It makes all the difference who says a thing. If you could get near enough to the Queen to hear her say anything, you would listen with all your might. And if she began, "I say," you would lean forward to make sure of hearing what she had to say. But if she said, "I say to you," I am sure no one would need to tell you to pay attention.

Now, the Lord Jesus says over and over again, "I say unto you." It was not only that he did say it a long time ago, but that whenever you look at the words he is saying it now. For his words are not dead; they are live words, just as much as if he had said them a minute ago. For he says they are spirit and life, and that they shall never pass away. So when you come to "I say unto you," remember Jesus means it, and that he really means you to pay the same attention to what comes next as if he were speaking aloud to you.

And then remember it always means, "I say unto you," not only the disciples who went up to him in the mountain, but each of you who are just beginning to be one of his learners, for that is what "disciple" means. Some of the things he says may be a little more than you can understand yet, but they are said to you all the same. When I was a little girl I had a sovereign given me. If it had been a shilling, I might have put it in my own little purse and spent it at once, but being a sovereign, my dear father took care of it for me, and I suspect I forgot all about it. But one day when I was quite grown up, he called me into his study and gave me the sovereign, reminding me how it had been given me when I was about as high as the back of a chair. And I was very glad to have it then, for I understood how much it was worth, and knew very well what to do with it. Now, when you come to some saying of the Lord Jesus that you do not understand or see how to make any use of for yourself, do not think it no consequence whether you read it or not. When you are older you will find that it is just like my sovereign, coming back to you when you want it and are able to make use of it. But how good it is of the Lord Jesus to have said so many things that are just what will help you now! Be on the look-out for them every time you read, and see if you don't find something every day which is for you now. Ask for the Holy Spirit always before you begin, and then you may say as Habakkuk did, "I will watch to see what he will say unto me."

Suppose you keep a sharp pointed pencil or a fine pen in the place where you usually read your Bible, and mark every time that the Lord Jesus says, "I say unto you." And I think it would be a good plan if you put a double mark to every saying of his which you feel has come home to your own heart. You will remember them better, and it will help you to find them again.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

"Search the Scriptures."

Temperance Department.

FRED AND HUGH; OR, RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

BY REV. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

"And so you've begun to reform, I hear," said Fred to his friend Hugh, as they took their seats in the car.

Fred was about drawing forth his cigar to retreat in to the smoking car.

"Well," he continued, "if a fellow can't control himself he ought to stop. I despise excess in anything. Four good cigars a day is my allowance."

"But I was satisfied with three," answered Hugh.

"Maybe, then, you preferred to use your money in some better way. As for me, however, I want to enjoy myself; and what's better than a good cigar for that purpose? However, I suppose one can lay up something by denying himself every luxury. How much have you saved already, Hugh, by cigar abstinence?"

"Five dollars," was the prompt reply.

"Whew!" came from the other. "Well," he added, "some can forego every pleasure for the sake of this making a little money."

"As for the 'little money,'" came from Hugh, "you can calculate it yourself," handing him a pencil and card at the same time.

And Fred with a sort of contemptuous air, began to figure up the cost of three good cigars daily, with now and then an extra, for five years, ten, twenty, forty, concluding with another "Whew!" Finding, to his surprise that the average smoker smokes up a snug home in time.

"However," he slowly commented, "it is a mere question, after all, of when one shall enjoy himself. I have it daily; you defer it. Isn't that the great difference?"

Slowly, calmly, earnestly came these words from Hugh:

"No true, thoughtful gentleman can find any pleasure in smoking. It was not to make money that I am an abstainer, though I'm satisfied I shall realize hundreds of dollars one way and another by it, but I was unwilling to be a nuisance one more day. Why I did not discover before how harmful my smoking habit was, I can't tell, unless my selfish indulgence, or the very intoxication of the weed, or the cloud of smoke around me benumbed my sense of the rights of others, or blunted my perception of the discomfort I was certainly giving them."

"Why you talk as if smokers were a small minority; whereas, who does not like his cigar now-a-days?"

"A multitude of children, to whom tobacco is sickening and a positive injury. And yet what gentlemanly (?) smoker ever asked a child the permission to 'puff' into his face."

"Children!" was the sneering reply, while the speaker bit nervously the end of his cigar. "As if one can't enjoy himself without asking the babies' permission."

"And you were never a baby, Fred, nor all the rest of us? But what if half the adults hate smoke, and would hail its extermination as an unspeakable blessing? The ladies, with rare exceptions, inwardly detest the smoke business, but they endure it often by force of politeness, declaring that they even enjoy it. I'm persuaded that mother and sisters have been most patient martyrs for years, because somehow they took it for granted that men must find their chief joy in this way, and it would have been fanatical and selfish in them to say us nay."

"This is not the smoking car," quietly observed a gentleman, at the same time touching Fred from behind, who had at length become so absorbed in the debate as to forget where he was, and actually light his cigar and begin to "enjoy himself."

"Beg pardon; please excuse me," hurried out Fred, blushing and nervously lifting the window and throwing his cigar out. "How could I have been so forgetful," stammered Fred; "never did such a thing before in my life."

"I should think you have," said the other, "repeatedly. I have. All smokers do. They may not do it on the railway train, as you have done it, but what better is it if your smoke comes pouring in here from the smoking car, as it often does? Or through the street car, from your cigar, as you stand on the platform? Or on the steamboat deck? Or by these aside where so many resort for pure air? Or on the streets, or in the parks, and in a multitude of places where the non-smoker has quite as good a right as the smoker?"

"But you wouldn't allow a fellow to smoke at all," interrupted Fred, twitching another cigar out of his vest pocket and biting fiercely at one end and then the other; "I should call that fanaticism; just running the thing into the ground. I'm willing to listen to reason. If one don't want to smoke, let him stop: 'tis a free country; but no man shall interfere with my rights." And he turned a triumphant look upon Hugh, who quietly said:

"But you may interfere with the rights of thousands of children and ladies and gentlemen!"

"What on earth can you mean? Be reasonable, Hugh; what possible right does my cigar assail?" Whereat he suddenly lighted his cigar and gave one great puff at it, in a moment, however, to be reminded by the gentleman sitting behind him.

"My rights, sir, my rights and the rights of my family around me, who loathe tobacco in every form; and the rights of that sick lady, who is this moment suffering from a violent headache on account of the foul air pouring in here when the door opens, from the smoking car. I declare to you, young man," the speaker went on, "this whole smoke business is a nuisance, yes, a nuisance; an outrage upon the rights of the masses; the right to enjoy honest, fresh air. If you must smoke the filthy poison, go down to the pit, but do not try to rob men and women and children of their sacred right to breathe heaven's fresh air."

Poor Fred, now thoroughly ashamed of himself for lighting his cigar a second time in that car, though he was not conscious hardly what he was about, and stunned by the sudden and fierce onset of the gentleman behind him, tried to stammer out something about the world's being large enough for people who don't like tobacco to get off by themselves.

"Indeed," was the quick response, "and what if we should lay in a stock of—say, Limberger cheese, or mosquitos, or snuff, and for our amusement open them under your nose and say, "If you don't like these good creatures you'd better retire. The world is large?"

By this time Fred had sidled toward the door, and the car coming to a halt at a station, he slipped out of sight and disappeared within the cloud of tobacco smoke and throng in the next car.

"Thank you, young man," began the strange gentleman, as soon as the train was in motion. "We all owe you many thanks for your bold stand against this tobacco nuisance. Many a time I've just endured this offence because I've feared to say anything against it. But I know hundreds who suffer on rather than speak to so-called gentlemen who puff out their vile fumes, not seeming to care into whose faces they go. It's one of the seven mysteries to me how a true man can do this abominable thing in decent surroundings. I'm most heartily glad that one young man feels as I do about this filthy offence."

But the more the gentleman went on berating the smoke nuisance the more Hugh colored and was silent, remembering that the difference between Fred and himself was but a matter of a few months, previous to which he did the very same thing of which Fred was now guilty.

"It's seldom one gives up his cigar," resumed the stranger. "I'm told that the appetite is quite as strong as for liquor. Can't speak from experience; never had but a loathing for both. I suppose you had a fierce struggle before you gained the victory?"

"I guess I was shamed into a victory," almost whispered Hugh. "You see I was urged to teach a class of young girls in the Sabbath school, and so took my seat in their midst; but as there was considerable noise near, I was compelled to talk almost in the very faces of the girls. Well, we seemed to be getting on nicely, though I noticed that some of the scholars averted their faces when I made any very direct address, while others covered their noses. I thought it very singular that the superintendent never asked me to teach that class again; but it leaked out that the whole class afterward came to him, begging that I be not sent to them again as they could not stand my tobacco breath. Then I was assigned to a class of boys. They soon found out my habit, and one of the brightest fellows among them appeared on the street with a cigarette in his mouth, quoting my example. In spite of it all I thought I could not give up my cigar. One day my pastor met me and we conversed for an hour in one of the public places. People were passing and repassing. I was smoking as usual and the fumes were rising in clouds about our heads. As we waxed warmer and warmer, I smoked the harder, frequently pouring a very tempest of smoke into his face, though I did not realize the outrage of it all till afterward, when I resolved never to smoke in public again, a resolve soon to be broken.

"One day I stood at the entrance of our city arcade. Multitudes were passing in and out; among them some of my Sunday-school class. I was smoking when whom should I see coming in the distance but my pastor, I had determined that he should never again see a cigar in my mouth. Unwilling to throw it away, I hid it in my pocket, thinking he would soon pass by and I could resume my favorite occupation. But he came straight up to me. He seemed to feel deeply for me that day, he had so much to say, when in the midst of a sentence he suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"Why, Hugh, you are on fire!"

Sure enough, my coat pocket was all ablaze from that cigar. A valuable coat was nearly ruined, and my pastor's hands were seriously burned before the flame was put out. You can hardly imagine my shame, however it seemed to be the climax of my disgrace. I prayed right there in my heart for deliverance. It came, thank God. He has helped me so far and—"

"He'll carry you through,"

almost shouted the now excited stranger, who had listened with the closest attention to Hugh's story.

"Take your appetite right to Him, young brother, it may come back with great power upon you. But remember his grace is sufficient; don't ever forget that, young brother; cast all your care upon him. I know what I say. Now, good-by, and God bless you and keep you."

And the train stopped; the stranger stepping off, was soon lost among the crowd, though not until he had turned a searching look upon a young man who stood on the platform with the stub of a cigar in his mouth. That was Fred.—*Church and Home.*

ONE IN THREE.

It happened to me in early life to be in company, in the island of St. Vincent, West Indies, with a gentleman from Tobago, an island which had an evil notoriety for unhealthiness. I learned that it was the ordinary habit of the young men who constituted its principal white population to begin with drinking gangaree (madeira and water) in the morning; to proceed to madeira at lunch time; to take brandy and water in the afternoon; and to finish off with neat brandy at night. It did not surprise me to learn that on this system one in every three died annually; and that if a party met to dine (and drink) together, it was often summoned a few days afterward to meet at the funeral of one of the number. On the other hand, my late friend, Dr. Edmund Parkes—a man held in the highest esteem among us for the services he rendered to the hygiene of our army—informed me that having served in early life as Assistant Surgeon in India in a European regiment, of which about one-half were total abstainers and the other half very temperate men, this regiment enjoyed a remarkable immunity from cholera and fever when marching through a very pestilential country; whilst the regiment they were on their way to replace, while marching through the same country in the opposite direction, had a large number of men struck down. I was so impressed with this fact, that I traced out the medical reports of Dr. Parkes' regiment for several consecutive years; and found that its average of sickness and mortality was only about half of that of the other regiments in the Madras command, which was at that time the lowest of the three presidencies. (A great reduction has since been made in the mortality of the Bombay and Calcutta European troops, by the abolition of the allowance of arrack.)

The mode in which the habitual "moderate" use of alcoholics exerts its injurious effects, I believe to be by obstructing the removal of the effete matter of the tissues; so that they tend, in advancing life, to become the subjects of fatty "degeneration." This is especially the case in the heart, liver, kidneys, and walls of the arteries; and the foundation is thus laid of a variety of diseases that are well known to be those specially of "advanced life."—*Dr. Carpenter.*

THE BLUE RIBBON.

The Rev. Charles Garrett, President of the British Wesleyan Conference, says of the Blue Ribbon movement in England: "It is making marvellous progress. I can but wonder whereunto this thing will grow. Many of the foremost men in all the churches are wearing the ribbon. I meet it everywhere." William Noble, who is the founder of the Gospel Temperance work in England, indicated by this "ribbon of blue," and Francis Murphy who first tied it on ragged, dirty coats in America, are reaping rich harvests for God and home and native land. A Blue Ribbon Army has been formed in Switzerland to oppose the rapid increase of brandy-drinking. This habit has spread to an alarming extent of late years, and at the recent Health Congress at Geneva, a melancholy picture was drawn of the evil effects on the population. Owing to the scanty food the Swiss peasantry have recourse more and more to cheap and common brandy to supply the lack of strengthening nourishment, and where formerly bread and milk were the staple diet, potatoes and a weak solution of chickory, styled by courtesy coffee, are now consumed, and washed down by potato brandy. Many laborers take their brandy-flasks into the field, and the habit is gradually adopted even by the young children, who fade and grow weary-looking through constant use of the stimulant.

BOYS AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(*National Temperance Society, New York.*)

LESSON VIII.—ALCOHOL AND THE HUMAN STOMACH.—*Continued.*

What is the color of the stomach in its natural condition?

The color of the stomach in its natural condition is like that of the blush on the cheek of a person in perfect health.

What constitutes the inner coating of the stomach?

The inner coating of the stomach is a delicate and highly sensitive membrane.

What gives it its sensitiveness and color?

Its sensitiveness and color are caused by the presence of innumerable nerves and minute blood-vessels, which penetrate and interlace it completely.

How does the frequent use of a small quantity of alcohol affect the color and character of the stomach?

The frequent use of a small quantity of alcohol irritates the nerves, and causes the minute blood-vessels to become more distended and distinct.

Suppose the amount taken into the stomach is increased, what then is the effect?

Usually inflammation follows irritation, the stomach turns to a dark-red color, the blood-vessels are greatly enlarged; and there are both soreness and pain, with other sensations that cannot be described.

Suppose the drinking habit becomes fixed, and alcohol in considerable quantities is always found in the stomach, what is its condition?

The color of the stomach becomes a dark red; its surface is roughened; and ulceration is frequently caused.

Why is the stomach thus roughened or wrinkled?

Because alcohol has much the effect upon it that tanning has on animal skins.

And what is the end?

The poison thus unfits the membrane for its digestive work, and, ceasing entirely to performe its office, death ensues.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the temperance talker, is now in Scotland, and writes home that "the work goes on grandly" there. He expects to return to this country soon—possibly next month, certainly not later than May.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

OVER-WORK AMONG WOMEN.

In about nine cases out of every ten, the woman who is in poor health attributes her sufferings to over-work. Many times this is a valid excuse, but frequently it is not the real cause of the ill-health. Lookers-on cannot always understand the situation, and the comparisons made between one woman's work and another's are often incorrectly drawn. Molly sometimes suffers from over-work, but she avers that no part of the work to be done for her household is really beyond her strength. She says that as regular house maid she could do all of the so-called housework and the plain sewing which she now does, and maintain her health. But to do these things well would leave no time for the "nothings," and every mother whose heart is in that work knows that it takes a good deal of time. I believe, and here is one more chance to bear witness to this truth, that the mother-work should have the first chance. A woman whose ideals are low can sometimes carry on all of these departments successfully (in her own opinion), and in that case her health is not likely to suffer from too much work. It is the worry, the sense of incompleteness or of falling short in what is required of one, more than all the fatigue of her work, that wears Molly out.

It is well to know how to do everything in the best way possible, but when a woman finds that she cannot do everything that it seems to be her duty to do in the best manner possible, she had better stop and consider what are the most essential things to be done, and study the easiest way of getting along without positive neglect. Wholesome food the family must have, but most of the fancy cooking is done in vain as respects health and strength. This same fancy cooking (which includes cake and pie—these being quite unnecessary articles of diet, doing more harm than good in most cases) is one of the chief causes of ill-health among women. Nearly all of these invalids are more or less dyspeptic. I have watched this a good deal among my neighbors in different places. Few of them give the right name to their disease, and I think the doctors are sometimes careful not to tell them the whole truth, but those who make any permanent improvement under medical treatment usually make some change in their habits of diet. One woman told me, during an hour's visit, these two facts, which did not seem to have any connection in her own mind: 1. "I used to be a great sufferer from sick headache, but I seldom have it in late years." 2. "No, I rarely eat a crumb of cake now, no matter how much I make; I haven't cared for it for a few years back, though I once was very fond of nice cake." Another, in praising her doctor's success in the treatment of her nerves, after detailing the medicines and the rest and rides prescribed, remarked incidentally that the doctor told her to eat rather lightly of plain, nourishing food, and to give up her tea and coffee if she could. Many years ago I heard a physician of fine education and large experience ridiculing the idea that prevailed among women that their sickness came generally from overwork. "They over-work their jaws," said he, "munching confectionery, and eating all sorts of unwholesome food, and they often eat too much anyhow for persons who exercise so little." At the time I thought this criticism too severe, but I have often since seen cases to which it applied.

Another way in which women are overworked by their own fault—a sin of ignorance frequently—is in the use of foolish clothing. We are all more or less in bondage here, for woman's dress is radically wrong. It is a weight and a hinderance everywhere. Clothing devised to suit the needs of the human body would be much more easily made and taken care of, and it would give a woman freer movement, greater ease and comfort about her work and play, and would be an aid to good health rather than, as now, a drag upon her strength. But a genuine reform cannot be made by any one woman, for it awaits the development of public opinion. But cannot we all lend a hand here, and say on all proper occasions, that woman's dress is absurd, and inconvenient, and unhealthful, and that we wish for something better? Most of us can put less work and care upon our trimmings and none of us need wear a trained skirt, or one that touches the floor. We may all wear loose and warm clothing, and bear the weight upon our shoulders rather than over the hips. Various female weaknesses are supposed to be caused by active labor, by much standing upon the feet, by much climbing of stairs in the pursuit of one's daily industry. They may be aggravated by these causes after they have been once induced, but I have serious doubts whether these weaknesses are often really attributable to the causes above named. Corsets and heavy skirts are the real offenders. It is usually the case that the same work might have been done—the standing and the climbing—had the muscles of the body, both external and internal, been left free and unweighted by the clothing. How many feathers' weight are added to her burden of toil and worry by a woman's long skirts as she goes about her work in-doors and out, upstairs and down, around the kitchen fire, or cleaning the floors in an unsuitable dress?

It is not the hardness of the work, or the difficulty of the tasks taken in detail, that tires out the women as a general thing, if we except the family washings, which usually require a good deal of strength. But these tasks crowd upon each other, and become complicated and wearisome when the care of children interferes with them. These are genuine cases of over-work, where the labor is too hard and too steady for the strength of the worker; but care and worry are harder to bear than physical toil, and social burdens do their part to over-tax the vital powers.—*American Agriculturist.*

USELESS EXPENDITURE.

While every girl and woman should justly take a pride in her own adornment and that of the home, she should use her own judgment and not buy just because a thing is cheap.

Get what you need, and before buying think whether you really need the article. It is probably a pretty trifle in dress, in furniture; but what solid benefit will it be to you? Or it is some luxury for the table, that you can as well do without. Think, therefore, before you spend your money. Or you need a new carpet, new sofa, new chairs, new bedstead, or new dress; you are tempted to buy something a little handsomer than you had intended, and while you hesitate the dealer says to you:

"It's only a trifle more, and see how far prettier it is!"

But before you purchase stop to think. Will you be the better a year hence, much less in old age, for having squandered your money? Is it not wiser to "lay by something for a rainy day?" All these luxuries gratify you only for the moment; you soon tire of them, and their only permanent effect is to consume your means. It is by such little extravagances, not much separately, but ruinous in the aggregate, that the great majority of families are kept comparatively poor.

The first lesson to learn is to deny yourself useless expenses; and the first step toward learning this lesson is to think before you spend.—*Christian at Work.*

ABOUT GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

There are two things that all the boys and girls are fully agreed upon. One is, that bed-time always comes too soon, and the other, that Bridget rings the rising-bell shamefully early. Getting up in the morning is a great trial to many of us. We feel so rested and comfortable, and yet so uncommonly sleepy. It seems as though our eyes would never come really wide open, and as for dressing, it is a labor that is appalling. Oh, for a good fairy to touch us with her wand, and set us, bright and resolute, right out into the middle of the morning!

The way to get up in the morning is just to do it promptly. The moment you are called, decide at once to rise. Do not wait until mother's gentle voice is tired, and sister Lucy has determined that she will not call you again, and father comes to the foot of the stairs, and calls very seriously, "William!" "Ebenezer!" "Rebecca!" and you feel that you must rise in a hurry. Do not put off getting up until you can hardly take time to match buttons and hooks, and you cannot find which strings belong to each other, and suspenders snap, and buttons fly off boots, and things are generally crooked.

When first you rise, let your thoughts go to God in thankfulness that you are alive and well, and ready to begin another day. Then wash from head to foot, with a sponge and cold water, and dry yourself with a rough crash towel, or take a rub with a stiff flesh-brush. You will feel quite warm and glowing after this exercise, which is the better for being rapidly performed. Dress so neatly and entirely, to the last touch of shoe polish and the last flourish of the hair-brush, that you need think no more about your dress all day. Be sure to attend to your teeth. They are good servants, and have so much work to do that they deserve to be carefully looked after, not with irritating powders, but with a clean brush, pure water, and occasionally a dash of white Castile soap.—*Harper's Young People.*

NO RIGHT TO INDORSE.

1. A man has no right to indorse, when the failure of the party to meet his obligation will render the creditors of the indorser liable to loss in consequence of such indorsement.

2. He has no right to indorse for another man unless he make provision for meeting such obligation, independent of and after providing for all other obligations.

3. He has no right to indorse unless he fully intends to pay what he promises to, promptly, in case the first party fails to do so. Few indorsers prepare for this.

4. His relations to his family demand that he shall not obligate himself to oblige another, simply, at the risk of defrauding or depriving them of what belongs to them.

5. He should never indorse or become responsible for any amount, without security furnished by the first party. It should be made a business transaction—rarely a matter of friendship. It is equivalent to a loan of capital to the amount of the obligation, and the same precautions should be taken to secure it.

6. A man has no more right to expect another to indorse his note without recompense, than to expect an insurance company to insure his home or his life gratuitously.

7. It is not good business policy for one to ask another to indorse his note, promising to accommodate him in the same manner. The exchange of signatures may have, and usually does have, a very unequal value. It is better to secure him the amount, and exact a like security for the amount of responsibility incurred.

8. It is better to do a business that will involve no necessity for asking or granting such favors, or making such exchanges. It is always safe and just so to do.—*Prairie Farmer.*

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—Two quarts of flour, one pint of milk, measured after boiling, butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teacupful of home-made yeast, and a little salt. Make a hole in the flour. Put in the other ingredients in the following order: Sugar, butter, milk and yeast. Do not stir them at all. Arrange this at ten o'clock at night. Set it in a cool place until ten o'clock the next morning, when mix all together and knead it fifteen minutes by the clock. Put it in a cool place again until four o'clock p.m., when cut out the rolls, and set each one apart from its neighbor in the pan. Set it for half an hour in a warm place. Bake fifteen minutes.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Mix well together one-half a coffee-cup of molasses, one-quarter of a cup of butter, one egg, one-half a cup of milk, one-half a teaspoonful of pure soda, one and a half cup of good Graham flour, one small teacup of raisins, spices to taste. Steam four hours and serve with any sauce that may be preferred. This makes a showy as well as light and wholesome dessert, and has the merit of simplicity and cheapness.

BEEF HASH.—Chop cold cooked meat rather fine: use half as much meat as boiled potatoes, chopped when cold. Put a little boiling water and butter into an iron sauce-pan; when it boils again put in the meat and potatoes, salted and peppered. Let it cook well, stirring it occasionally. Serve on buttered slices of toast, daintily arranged on a platter.

CREAM GRAVY FOR BAKED FISH.—Have ready in a sauce-pan one cup of cream, diluted with a few spoonfuls of hot water; stir in carefully two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a little chopped parsley; heat this in a vessel filled with hot water. Pour in the gravy from the dripping pan of fish. Boil thick.

PUZZLES.

STAR PUZZLE.

From 1 to 3, walked; from 2 to 4, rended; from 3 to 5, portrayed; from 4 to 1, tidy; from 5 to 2, something often seen on a boy's hand.

PROGRESSIVE WORD-SQUARE.

1. An extinct bird.
2. A perfume.
3. A girl's name.
4. By word of mouth.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 21, 3, 15, 23 is separated or parted from.

My 25, 14, 5, 8, 19, 9, 17 is an unaffected person.

My 1, 20, 18, 6, 24 is a liquid substance.

My 12, 26, 2, 7, 1 is an expression of contempt.

My 10, 13, 22, 27 is a cheap kind of food.

My 11, 16, 25, 4, 18 is a substance used in making bread.

My whole is a familiar quotation from Shakespeare.

LETTER PUZZLE.

Words with first two letters the same, each of which, when cut off, leaves a word.

1, morbid baldness; 2, not plentiful; 3, to escape; 4, to affright; 5, to chide; 6, amplitude of view; 7, an account; 8, a discontented look; 6, anything thin or lean; 10, to cry out; 11, a wooden rule.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

A wise man.
One struck dead for disobeying God's commands.
A Roman Governor.
A musical instrument mentioned in Daniel.
A great reformer in Old Testament times.
A bird spoken of in Leviticus.
A grandmother.
Saved from death by God.
A pious New Testament child.
A book of the New Testament.
A wild beast spoken of in Hosea.
One who restored a dead child to life.
Christ's own city.
A sacred mountain.
A prophet who spoke very plainly about the person of Christ.
A liquid measure in Leviticus.
A shepherd.
An officer of the king of Persia.
Grandson of Adam.
A leper.
Birthplace of Paul.
An animal used for sacrifice.
A spice growing in Ceylon.
A son of Joktan.
Official title of a butler in the court of Nebuchadnezzar.
One of the greater prophetical books.
A river in Persia.
A Christian at Laodicea.
A metal brought by the Tyrians from Tarshish.
The eleventh stone in the High Priest's breastplate.
One who chose the good part.
One of Paul's first converts in Achaia.
The primals form an injunction of Christ.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ENIGMA—Rainbow.

DIAMOND—

P
L A C
L I L L E
P A L M Y R A
C L Y D E
E R E
A

HIDDEN AUTHORS—1. Keats. 2. Stowe. 3. Trollope. 4. Verne.

SUBTRACTION PUZZLE—

Chorally—coal.
Gladiate—gait.
Blackberry—baker.
Reindeer—ride.
Fairness—fins.

ENIGMA—Geranium.

WELL-KNOWN NOVELS—1. Ivanhoe. 2. Pendennis. 3. Bleak House. 4. Middlemarch. 5. Lothair. 6. Sevenoaks.

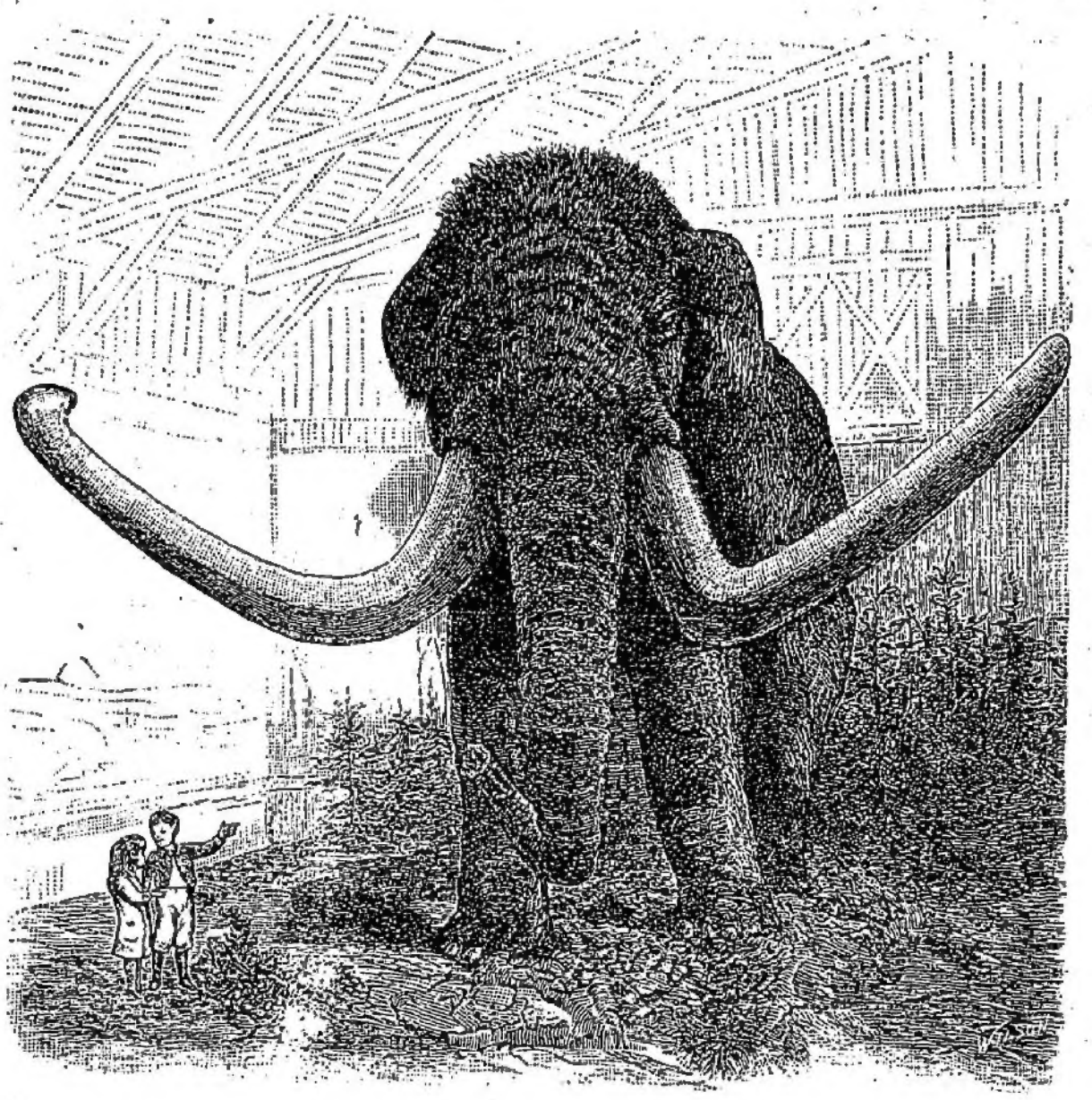
Answers to some of the puzzles have been received from Sara Bell McKinnon. J. H. M. sends a geographical puzzle of her own composing but neglected to send the answer. Will she kindly do so, giving her full name, and will other puzzle workers follow her example and contribute to this column.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MAMMOTH.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

At the close of the last century, a poor fisherman named Shumarhoff lived near the mouth of the Lena River, which flows through the cold Siberian country and is lost in the icy waters of the Arctic Sea In the summer, he plied his vocation on the sea-coast, and during the long winter lived far up the river, where it was, perhaps, a little warmer. It is safe to say that Shumarhoff would never have made a great noise in the world—in fact, would never have been heard of—had it not been for a wonderful discovery he made while coming down the river one spring. The river-banks of this cold country are quite peculiar. Those on the western side are generally low and marshy, while those on the eastern are often from sixty to one hundred feet in height. In the extreme north, this high elevation is cut into numerous pyramidal-shaped mounds, which, viewed from the sea or river, look exactly as if they had been built by man. In the summer, these strange formations are free from snow, and to a depth of ten feet are soft; but below this they are continually frozen, and have been for untold ages. They are formed of layers of earth and ice—sometimes a clear stratum of the latter many feet in thickness.

It was before such a mound that our fisherman stopped, dumb with astonishment, one spring morning, so many years ago. About thirty feet above him, half-way up the face of the mound, appeared the section of a great ice-layer from which the water was flowing in numberless streams; while protruding from it, and partly hanging over, was an animal of such huge proportions that the simple fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. Two gigantic horns or tusks were visible, and a great woolly body was faintly outlined in the blue, icy mass In the fall, he related the story to his comrades up the river, and in the ensuing spring, with a party of his fellow-fishermen, he again visited the spot. A year had worked wonders. The great mass had thawed out sufficiently to show its nature, and on close inspection proved to be a well-preserved specimen of one of those gigantic extinct hairy elephants that roamed over the northern parts of Europe and America in the earlier ages of the world. The body was still too firmly attached and frozen to permit of removal. For four successive years the fishermen visited it, until finally, in March, 1804, five years after its original discovery it broke away from its icy bed and came thundering down upon the sands below. The discoverers first detached the tusks, that were nine feet six inches in length, and together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. The hide, covered with wool and hair, was more than twenty men could lift. Part of this with the tusks, were taken to Jakutsk and sold for fifty rubles, while the rest of the animal was left where it fell, and cut up at various times by the Jakoutes, who fed their dogs with its flesh.



THE MAMMOTH OF ST. PETERSBURG.

A strange feast this, truly—meat that had been frozen solid in the ice-house of Nature perhaps fifty thousand years.* more or less; but so well was it preserved, that, when the brain was afterward compared with that of a recently killed animal, no difference in the tissues could be detected.

Two years later the animal had fallen from the cliff, the news reached St. Petersburg, and the Museum of Natural History sent a scientist to secure the specimen and purchase it for the Emperor, He found the mammoth where it originally fell, but much torn by animals, especially by the white bears and foxes. The massive skeleton, however, was entire, with the exception of one fore leg, while all the other bones were still held together by the ligaments and flesh, as if the animal had been dead only a few weeks. The neck was still covered by a long mane of reddish wool, and over thirty pounds more of the same colored wool or hair were collected by the scientist from the adjacent sand, into which it had been trodden by bears and other animals of prey. In this condition the mammoth with the tusks, which were repurchased in Jakutsk, was taken to St. Petersburg and there mounted.

Our illustration depicts this very specimen, representing it as it appeared when alive and moving along with ponderous tread through the scanty woodland of the northern countries. Its length is twenty-six feet, including the curve of the tusks; it stands sixteen feet high, and when alive it probably weighed more than twice as much as the largest living elephant. And, as some tusks have been found over fifteen feet in length, we may reasonably conclude that Shumarhoff's mammoth is only an average specimen, and that many of its companions were considerably larger.

Imagine the spectacle of a large herd of these mighty creatures rushing along over the frozen ground, the reverberation of their tread sounding like thunder. When enraged, their wild, headlong course must have been one of terrible devastation. Large trees were but twigs to these giants of the north, and everything must have given way before them.

Tusks of this animal had been discovered previous to Shumarhoff's find, and have been found since in such great quantities that vessels go out for the sole purpose of collecting them. Eschscholtz Bay, near Behring Strait, is a famous place for them, and numbers have also been found in England. It is stated that the fishermen of Happisburgh have dredged up over two thousand mammoth teeth during the past twelve years—a fact showing that a once favorite resort, or perhaps burying-ground, of these great creatures, is now covered by the ocean. In the cliffs of Northern Alaska remains of the mammoth are often seen, and the New Siberian Islands recently visited by the Arctic explorer, Baron Nordenskjold, are liberally supplied with these, as well as remains of other and equally interesting extinct and fossil animals. The mammoth was so called from a curious belief among the Siberians that this enormous animal lived in caverns under the ground, much after the fashion of a mole. Many of the tusks and bones were found buried in the frozen earth, and it was the natural conclusion that the animal lived there when alive. They believed it could not bear the light of day; and so dug out with its tusks geat tunnels in the earth.—*St. Nicholas.*

* According to Sir William Logan, from five hundred thousand to one million years ago.

THREE BLACK RATS.

The Rev. J. Yeames tells an anecdote of a drunkard reclaimed by the curious means of a dream. The dream was of three black rats; one was a fat one, the second a blind one, and the third a poor lean one. The man could not get the dream out of his head, and at length his son gave him the interpretation of it in this wise:—The fat rat was the publican, the blind one was the father, the victim of drink, and the poor one was the family, the prey of misery and want.—*The Freeman.*

WHOEVER searches the biographies of our most eminent and useful men and women, will be surprised to find how many of them got their best start in life in the way in which, early in life, they were moved to spend their winter evenings.—*Congregationalist.*

FINE FEATHERS.

The Hemlock Street Sunday-school, to which Florrie Warren and Mabel Chandler belonged, was a thoroughly live school; it gave liberally to all missions, but was especially interested in the poor of the city. The boys were ready to give their torn books or discarded toys to some little urchin, who would appreciate them very highly, and the girls exhibited a kindly rivalry in the many stitches they took for the ragged orphans or the neglected waifs.

And not content with feeding, clothing, or amusing their less fortunate neighbors, these boys and girls used their utmost efforts to assist their teachers and superintendent in gathering into the Sunday-school numbers of the untaught children. It was a point of honor with them to greet every tattered or shabby new-comer with a smile and pleasant word, to find the hymns for them, or to explain what was to be the topic of the lesson for the day.

I presume it is needless to say that the refreshments which were served at the Christmas tree and the annual June picnic were of a quality that gladdened hungry eyes, and a quantity that supplied both yawning stomachs and pockets.

One beautiful Sunday in spring, Florrie and Mabel (who lived in adjoining houses) started together for school, both of them dressed in handsome new garments Florrie, who was fair, looked exceedingly pretty in a soft gray cashmere polonaise, elaborately trimmed with blue silk and looped over a blue skirt, and her golden curls were covered by a gray chip hat ornamented with long blue feathers. Mabel was a decided brunette, and her costume was of *ecru* cashmere and cardinal silk; her hat matched it. Two handsomer costumes or two prettier little girls could not be found in the city

"Shall we call for Emma Miller?" asked Mabel, as they drew near the narrow, dismal street where poor Mrs. Miller and her five children lived.

"Have we got time?" Florrie asked, thus generously giving Mabel a chance to consult her new watch.

"Plenty! If we do not call for her, somebody may think we are too proud to go there in our handsome dresses."

Emma was not quite ready, but the two girls waited for her; when she at length appeared she seemed annoyed or embarrassed about something, and hardly spoke one word in answer to their friendly chatter Whatever the cloud upon Emma's spirits may have been, it seemed to affect all the rest of her class; Florrie and Mabel were the only two out of Miss Grace's seven pupils who appeared at all cheerful

The next Sunday was as bright and charming as its predecessor, yet Miss Grace had only three girls in her class, Emma being one of the absentees.

"Where could the Lowell girls have been? And Susie and Jessie?" said Florrie, referring to the absent scholars, when she was walking home between her cousin Lizzie and Mabel Chandler.

"They must be sick, I think," replied Mabel.

"Suppose we go now and find out. If they are, perhaps we can do something for them."

"Very well. And you will go with us, will you not, Lizzie?" Mabel asked.

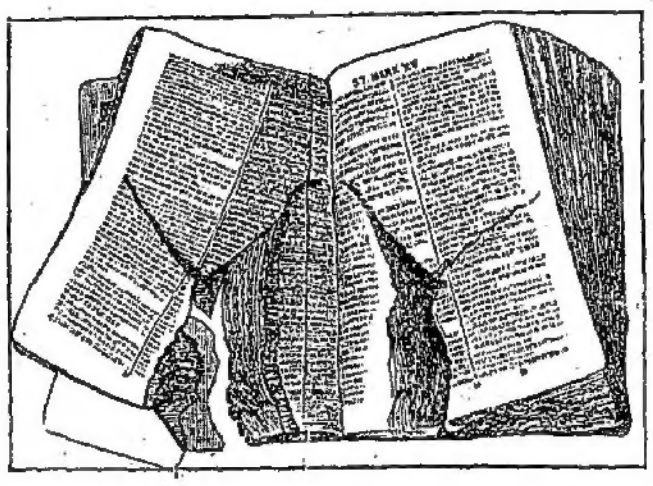
"I think not; mamma will expect me at home."

"By the way, Lizzie, what has become of your lovely new spring suit? I was surprised to see you in that plain old gray dress these two lovely Sundays. Did'nt the new dress fit you?"

"Oh yes, beautifully! Mamma says I look as if I had been melted and poured into it."

"Then for pity sakes why did'nt you wear it? The one you've got on is real dowdy!" cried Florrie.

"It is clean, is'nt it?" laughed Lizzie.



"Of course it is *clean*. But why wear it? I am just dying to find out, are not you, Mabel?"

And Mabel too, in the extravagant fashion in which girls talk professed herself "dying" of curiosity.

"You see we've got so many poor girls—*real* poor girls who never have nice clothes—in our Sunday-school, that mamma don't like to see me put on my handsome dresses or hats to wear there; she says that poor girls have feelings as well as rich ones, and that their shabby apparel will look shabbier than ever beside my silk or velvet. She says that she has heard poor people say that they were ashamed to go to church in their rags and sit beside elegantly-dressed people; I know I should feel so too. And it is not right to do anything, especially in God's house, which will hurt people's feelings."

"Oh Mabel!" exclaimed Florrie, with blushes in her cheeks, "can it be that our finery was the cause of those girls staying away to-day?"

"I am afraid so. And never again, summer or winter, will I wear such costly clothes as these to church or Sunday-school."

And she was as good as her word.—*Frances E. Wadleigh in Child's Paper.*

SILENT INFLUENCE.

"I have no influence," said Elsie Lee to her friend, Miss Tomsin. "Why, I am so timid when in company with others that I hardly dare raise my eyes or open my lips."

"That may be," replied the older lady, "and yet you are always exerting influence wherever you go. You cannot help yourself. An hour ago I bought a little bunch of violets from a German flower girl, and I set them on yonder shelf, beside my dear mother's picture. It is a very tiny bunch, and a person entering the room would very likely not see them, for they do not challenge attention. But every nook and corner of the apartment feels their presence, for their fragrance is pervading the atmosphere. So it is with you, my dear. You love your Saviour, and you try to serve him. You think you cannot speak for him, but if you live for him, and with him, in gentleness, patience, and self-denial, that is better than talking. It does more good. The other evening Jerry Halcomb, who is thoughtless and giddy, made a jest of a verse of Scripture in your hearing. You wished to protest against his act, and tried to do so, but the words would not come. Yet your pained look, your quick blush, your instinctive indignant gesture, spoke for you, and the young man turned and said, 'I beg your pardon, Miss Elsie.' Was not this a proof that he saw and felt your condemnation?"—*Chris. Woman*

CASTING ALL YOUR CARES UPON HIM.

In the summer of 1878 I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides. Beyond the service of the day, he gave me unconsciously a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wrap and other burdens upon his shoulders. In doing this he asked for all, but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hinderance to the freedom of my movement; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to me where I sat resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my Alpine stock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he led the way. And now in my freedom, I found I could make double speed with double safety.

Then a voice, spoke inwardly: "O foolish, wilful heart, hast thou, indeed, indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them, nor even the right." I saw it all in a flash; and then, as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountain side, I said within myself, "And even thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will rest all my care upon him, for he careth for me."—*Sarah Smiley.*

A SHATTERED TESTAMENT —A RELIC OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

During the battle of Tel-el-Kebir Private William Room of the Highland Light Infantry, had a marvellous escape. In jumping into the trenches a bullet from the Egyptians struck him in the pouch-bag at his side, going through a Testament he was carrying with him, This fortunately changed the direction of the bullet, which otherwise would have gone through his stomach. As it was the ball entered his hip, and came out of the inner part of his thigh. Mr. Room is now doing well.—Our engraving and the above particulars are taken from a photograph published by Messrs Hills and Saunders, Grosvenor Fine Art Gallery, who inform us that a framed copy has been sent to Her Majesty—*Granhic.*

WAYS TO DO GOOD.

Pray for individuals by name. Send well-selected tracts by mail. Loan "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." Invite your neighbor to church. Persuade the unsaved to attend prayer-meeting Be fearless in expressing Christian views. Visit the sick, and pray with them. Benefit the poor, then win them to Christ. Urge church-members to take religious papers. Seek the conversion of thoughtful children. Remind the "backslider" of his solemn vows. Show the "reformed" man his need of Christ. Converse of Jesus at length with willing hearers. Exhort the convicted to yield and turn. Look after new converts. Keep near the Saviour yourself. To general consecration add the special consecration of one-tenth of your income, one-seventh of your time, and all your thoughtfulness.—*Am. Messenger.*

The Family Circle.

A LESSON.

BY SUSAN M. DAY.

Three children to their mother's side had pressed,
And eager voices made their loud acclaim,
Conflicting prayers, imperious request,
Wide differing tastes, that could not be the same.

I marked with wonder, how with patience wise,
Untroubled brow, and loving, gentle smile;
She hears each one, to each she soft replies,
And all their varying wants does reconcile.

One wish she grants, another must deny,
Yet gives the pleader something in its place;
Loves all alike, sees with impartial eye,
And measures gifts to meet each suitor's case.

And thus, when once you said to me, dear friend,
That you believed in God, but not that he
To individual prayers his ear would lend,
Since oft conflicting men's desires must be,—

I thought of this sweet mother, and her plan,
How she the children's wants did satisfy,
And learned how God's far wider wisdom can
Most loving grant, and tenderly deny
—*S. S. Times.*

THE SPRAG BOY.

BY HELEN D. WILLIAMS.

(*American Sunday-School Union.*)

CHAPTER XII.—THE EXPLOSION.

The family slept unusually late the next morning, and Lina bustled over the delayed breakfast, while Joe sat rather dreamily at the window. He was flagging a little under the influences of the mild weather. Perhaps the long winter of confinement and mental struggle was beginning to tell upon him. At any rate, Joe's steps lagged heavily as he went away to his work.

"I'm sure he'll be late this time," said Lina to her mother, as she watched him from the window.

Joe was late, indeed. There were no groups standing about the mine as he came in sight of it. All had gone down except a few stragglers, who, like himself, were hurrying toward the place. How the black shaft buildings loomed against the hazy sky, with the great fan always waving to and fro, forcing strong currents of air down through the shaft into the dark galleries. But while Joseph looked, a little curl of smoke came up from some of the gearing, and a tongue of fire ran along the oily rope that worked the fan. Joe stood watching like one fascinated. Then came a flash, a quick blaze, and the great fan swinging slowly forward swept a column of fire down the shaft.

One moment of awful silence, and then a deep, heavy explosion came up from the ground, and shook the warm, hazy air. The sound reverberated through the valley, and fell upon the ears of the inhabitants like a knell.

Then up from all the streets came hurrying feet, and pale faces. "The explosion!" they said to one another under their breath. Now black crowds surged between Joseph and the coal-mine, and he went on like one in a dream, and mingled with them, and heard the shrieks of unhappy wives and children as they saw the flames mount out of the pit.

"There is no hope: we cannot reach them." These words rang through the crowd like a wail of despair.

Joseph heard no more. The thick smoke stifled him, and the dreadful scene seemed to fall away like a troubled dream. A few moments later the superintendent hurrying that way stumbled over something. He stooped down and picked up Joseph.

"Praise the Lord, you ain't down there," he said, holding him in his arms. But there was work to be done, and numbers of terrified men looked to the superintendent for direction.

"Look a here," he said, hailing one of them, "Get a hand-cart and take this boy home to his mother. Tell her there aint nothing happened to him, and she can thank God for it. Mind you be quick, and handle him gentle. You'd better dash some water in his face to fetch him out of his faint."

Down the road from the story-and-a-half house came two women running. There were no bonnets upon their heads, and their faces were white with fear. They had heard the sullen roar, and they saw the smoke rise over the hill that hid them from the coal-mine. They saw the cart, too, coming up the road with something in it. The man who drew it gesticulated at first, and then left his burden and ran toward them.

"He be all right, ma'am," he said, "your boy be. He haint been near the coal mine. He be only dropped away with the fright."

Lina and her mother ran to Joseph. They prayed over him and cried over him, as they brought him home and laid him upon his bed. At length Joe came out of his swoon, but a bright fire glowed in his cheeks and burned through his veins, and he talked incoherently of the mine.

"Must I work there always, mother? Will God never take me out?" and then he would cry out in great terror, "The smoke, the smoke! See it creeping along the ropes, mother; and the fire is blowing in my face from the great fan!"

While Joseph lay tossing in delirium the black throng surged about the shaft. The flames at last died away from the pit, and brave men were let down with ropes, and brought up the dead and dying. Ah me, it was a pitiful sight!

"Day after day the fever burned in Joseph's veins, and his mother and Lina hung over him like two shadows. The great doctor came and counted Joe's pulse carefully by his gold watch. But by-and-by the fever burned out, and Joe lay weak and white upon his pillow. Then came broths and jellies, and all dainties, for Joe was getting better; and one day when he was able to hear it, Mrs. Ruff told him of all the sad tragedy that had begun with that little curl of smoke, and how, all the weeks while he lay tossing with fever, Dick and little John Raney were in heaven, safe and happy, singing about God's throne. As he listened, Joe turned his head quietly, and the great tears rolled down upon his pillow.

CHAPTER XIII.—A HAPPY ENDING.

Every day Joseph was growing stronger, and as he sat in his easy chair and watched his mother busy with her needle, his thoughts were busy over a great dread that stared at him in the future.

"Mother," he said, at last, "is the shaft in order again?"

"Not yet," replied his mother. "I believe it will be soon."

"Mother," he said, in quivering tones, "do you think I shall soon be able to go back?"

Mrs. Ruff laid down her work, and put her arms about him. "God willing," she said, "you shall never go back there. I believe your mission in the coal mine is ended."

Joseph lay back in his chair with a contented expression.

"Mother," he said, lifting his head again.

"Well, my son."

"I must do something."

"True," said his mother, "but God will provide a way for you in due time."

One day the superintendent came to visit Joseph, bringing a tender young chicken to tempt his appetite.

"You're comin' through splendid, my boy," he said heartily. "You'll be runnin' around town again in less than no time. It's right lonesome up at the shaft," he continued "without the Sunday meetin'. I've been goin' to church regular ever since you was sick."

"Have you?" cried Joe and Lina.

"Yes," said the man earnestly, "and I've made up my mind to stick to it as long as I live. Well, good-bye, my little man," he continued, as he rose to go, "I don't suppose we shall ever see you round the coal mine again. I am that sorry, as I hadn't ought to be, seein' as it wasn't your rightful place."

"I don't know," said Joseph, his face clouding, "you may see me there. You know I must do something for a living."

"Yes, yes," said the man, cheerily, "but don't you worry. If I am to believe what I hear, somebody is a goin' to take a rise in the world before long. I reckon you'll forget as you ever was a sprag boy, Joseph."

"I shall never forget that," said Joseph, looking puzzled.

"What does he mean?" he asked his mother, after their visitor was gone.

But neither Mrs. Ruff nor Lina was able to throw any light upon the subject.

It was that same afternoon that the Ruffs received another visitor, a tall gentleman in fine broadcloth.

"I come on business," he said, taking the chair which Mrs. Ruff placed for him, and setting his glossy silk hat upon the table. Joe was not long in recognizing in their visitor the principal man of the borough, whose opinions carried weight, and whose name headed the list of bank officers. Joseph could not help feeling overawed by the near proximity of so much greatness.

"I am wanting a clerk at the bank," said the gentleman addressing Joe's mother, "and your son's name has been mentioned to me. I am not in the habit of making personal application to young gentlemen," he continued, smiling, "they generally apply to me; but in this case I have made an exception, on account of sickness. You have been well spoken of by my friend, Mr. Macaffie," he continued turning to Joseph. "I understand you were a sprag boy before the late disaster."

"Yes, sir," said Joseph, flushing deeply, and feeling what an immeasurable distance that fact placed between them.

"I suppose it is not common to go from a coal mine to a banking house," continued the gentleman, "but I am very glad to be able to say that you have earned as a sprag boy, the character that recommended you to a much better position. I called upon your recent employer, the mine superintendent, and he showed me two sprags which he had picked up in the gallery and was pleased to consider an index of your character. He assured me that you had made them so smooth and shapely from pure faithfulness, without a hope of notice, or reward. Faithfulness is a quality which we require in a bank clerk, and it is not always easy to find it. I hope that as soon as you are recovered you will accept the situation which I now offer to you."

"But, sir," said Joseph, stammering, and quite overcome by this unlooked-for praise, "did the superintendent tell you about the —I was unfaithful once, sir."

"I know," said the gentleman, with a gesture which implied his knowledge of the mule-car transaction, and his intention to overlook it.

"By the way that reminds me—I hear you are fond of Latin, and banking hours are much shorter than hours of labor in the coal mine. I have a tutor for my boys this year, and I have authorized him to make an appointment with you for any time you may choose after business hours, if you care to recite to him. I think you have learned the lesson not to let Latin books interfere with other duties."

Joseph colored deeply as he seemed to catch a glimpse again of the poor, dead mule lying in the dark gallery, which echoed with the reverberation of oaths.

"I hope I have," said Joseph, humbly. He could in no wise find words to express his astonishment and gratitude at the prospects which were opening before him; but his new patron, waiving all thanks, soon completed the arrangements and took his leave, not without mentioning his late friend, Joseph's father, and expressing pleasure that he was able to do something for his son.

It must have been reception-day at the Ruff mansion, for before the family had had time to recover their equanimity after the banker's visit, another visitor came through the yard.

"Well, well," said Mr. Macaffie, shaking hands all around with joyful excitement. "Didn't I tell you the Lord would surprise you some day, Joseph, if you would only trust him in prison? It was worth while to bide his time, wasn't it? Why, this is better than going to Greenbarre, for you cannot only study, but you can earn money for your mother, too."

Mr. Macaffie drew up his chair, and told how he had a plan to get them all up among their own sort of people at the other end of the town.

"The church folks always said you ought not to be living down here," he continued, "but somehow nobody ever saw a way to prevent it before."

He went on to say that now there was a small house to be had quite near both to the church and the bank, and his wife thought that since Mrs. Ruff was not very strong, she ought to give up the hard work of dress-making, and devote her time to millinery. His wife already knew of several ladies that would like to go to her, and no doubt they could influence more. Mr. Macaffie also offered to assist Joe's mother in disposing of her house and getting into the new one.

"You are doing so much for us, Mr. Macaffie," said Joseph, gratefully.

"It's God that's doing it, my dear boy," he answered. "I am only one of the instruments. For a long time, you know, I could not lift a finger to help you; but I prayed a great deal about it, and by-and-by the Lord put my hand upon the string that brought the blessings. And there is another thing—remember that if you had not been a faithful sprag boy, you would never have found favor in the eyes of the bank president." Many matters were discussed before Mr. Macaffie left them; among others the Sunday-school at the shaft.

"You must not think of giving that up," said Mr. Macaffie. "The Lord only means to enlarge your opportunities by taking you out of the coal mine. We must see if we cannot get the use of that red school-house across the street for the Sabbath-school, and I mean to speak to some of the brethren about having a collection taken up next Sunday for more books. It's high time the church waked up to its duty toward these miners."

What a happy future was opening before the Ruff family! God had taken down the great, blank wall that seemed to stand between them and hope. No doubt Joe still sent a few regretful thoughts over the mountains toward Greenbarre; but I think as the months rolled by, he found God's way not only the best, but the most pleasant.

They were all sitting together at twilight in the parlor of the story-and-a-half house, and it was their last Sunday there.

"Mother," said Joseph, breaking a long silence, "It was better for me to be a sprag boy than to go to Greenbarre. It was very dark in the coal mine, but that was where I found Christ; and besides," he added, "while I am living out the rest of my life on earth, I can have it to think of, that Dick and little John Raney are safe with God in heaven."

THE END.

SUE'S SHADOW.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

There was something the matter with Sue Wilson, perhaps it was the spring weather; she tried to think that it was. At any rate, there was something the trouble; something very unpleasant and disagreeable—at least that was the effect it had upon her. It all dated back to the sociable at Alice Denver's, which was, after all, only an informal gathering of the young folks at Alice's one evening. How did that so affect Sue? Well, I will tell you about it. It was only last winter that she, Sue, had come out quietly but decidedly for Christ, and had made public profession of her faith, and her desire henceforth to follow in his footsteps. She had been very happy, very, indeed, until that little social.

Edith Mason, a cousin of Alice's from New York, was there, and Sue thought there was no one like Edith. They had had impromptu charades, played "Predicaments," "Forty Questions," and everything else they could think of, when Edith sprang up: "Let's have a dance," she said; "there are just enough of us for two sets, and Grace will play, I know."

Sue flushed to her very temples; she knew some of them glanced significantly her way. Last year, when Edith was here, there was no one that enjoyed dancing any more than did Sue, but now—she had not thought of it before, but she felt that she ought not now; she knew instinctively that it was not expected she would by those who knew of her profession.

She had not spoken to Edith about the change she had experienced; she knew she ought, but somehow she could not—at least, she said she could not—though why I can-

not tell, for she was able to talk on every other subject imaginable.

"I—wish you'd excuse me," she said hesitatingly.

"Why, you're not sick—are you, dear?" asked Edith, pausing in the middle of the floor with the table she was pushing to one side.

The rest half stopped. There were some who knew the cause of Sue's hesitation, they watched with some curiosity to see what she would do; the others, a trifle vexed at the delay, were puzzled to know what reason she could give for her, to them, unreasonable hesitation.

Of course the only thing for Sue to do was to say, simply but firmly: "I cannot, for I am the servant of the King of kings, and he would not wish me to."

She knew that was just what she ought to say and do, but she shrank from it.

"I cannot," she said to herself. "Besides, this is not the proper place for anything like that." But all the time she knew perfectly well that she would not hesitate a moment to say, "My mother and father would rather I did not." Why should she hesitate when it was her heavenly Father? But she must say something, for they were all waiting.

"I am not sick," she said, wishing most devoutly that she was, "but I would rather not to-night."

"Oh! well," laughed Edith gaily, "we cannot excuse you for any such excuse; you're too accommodating, I know, to spoil our pleasure for no better reason than that."

And Sue instead of telling them she had a far better reason, let them go on with their preparations.

"I cannot help myself," she said; "and I'm not sure that I ought, either, for it would be so unaccommodating, as Edith, said, and would prejudice them all against religion."

"What is that to thee? follow thou me," whispered a still small voice within; but Sue would not heed it.

"I will dance this time for the sake of accommodating," she pleaded mentally, "and then, when I have a suitable opportunity, I will tell Edith that I cannot do so any more, and why."

But the days came and went, and no such opportunity presented itself; there was always some reason why the time or place was not proper. And meantime, while she was waiting for it, there were other sociables where she was needed to make up a set. But, as I said, something was the matter with her. She found herself too tired at night to read her Bible. In the morning, if she had time she read a few verses so hastily and inattentively that five minutes afterward she could not tell anything what they were about, and her prayers were mere forms; she took no comfort in them. She knew she was wrong, but she could not help herself, she said. She felt wretched enough; but instead of bravely retracing her steps, she kept going farther and farther away from peace and happiness.

But at last the crisis came. Edith had proposed a German on Thursday evening, which was to be the last of her stay; and, alas for Sue! was also the regular prayer-meeting evening.

The morning of the day before, the girls were gathered in a little group in the Academy dressing-room discussing it—all unconscious that Sue was in the library, and the door was ajar.

"I say, Edith, is Sue Wilson going?" asked Georgie Dunham.

"Why, yes, of course, unless something unforeseen occurs."

"Well, then, all I've got to say is, that I'd take my name off the church-roll, if I were in her place. I'm no saint myself, as you all know, and I don't profess to be; but if I did, I'd live up to it; I wouldn't go hopping from one side of the fence to the other. I actually had half a mind to 'go and do likewise,' she seemed so different at first; but I'm glad I saved myself the trouble, for she's just like all the rest of us now, for aught I can see; only it does not take much observation to see that she's more uncomfortable."

Sue dropped the book she held in her hand, and went back into the school-room. The girls found her there with her head buried in her hands. She never forgot that morning. Never in all her life before had she been so utterly wretched; she went down into the depths of the valley of humiliation as never before. She had brought dishonor on her Saviour's name; she had professed to come out from the world, but she had not; she had turned one soul from him, and what a Christian bright, energetic Georgie would make. Perhaps, she thought, with a shudder of remorse, she had turned others among the girls also.

She went home into her own room, and, down on her knees, she sobbed out her grief and penitence. Then, by and by, when she was calmer, she took up her Bible—her neglected Bible—and searched it eagerly for comfort. It opened to Acts, and her eyes fell on Peter's name. She was glad of that; she would like to read something about him, for he, too, had denied his Lord. She will always remember that fifteenth verse of the fifth chapter of Acts—how they brought the sick into the streets, and laid them there, that perchance Peter's shadow, as he passed by, might overshadow them.

She put her Bible down. Could it be possible that the shadow she had cast could be made to bring healing also!

There was a long hard struggle. The downward path we tread so easily is hard to retrace, but Sue was in earnest.

The girls were all there when she went into the Academy the next morning, and as usual Georgie Dunham was the centre of an interested circle.

It seemed to Sue that for an instant her heart stood still, but she went bravely up into the very midst of them all. "Girls," she said, "I have something to say to you. You all know that last winter I professed to have found my Saviour, and publicly confessed my intention to follow him; but instead of acknowledging him in all my ways, I have dishonored him; I have done things I know he would not wish me to, but I have asked his forgiveness, I believe it has been granted, and I ask yours now. And one thing more, girls; don't look at my life, at the very best it is so imperfect, but just look at Him. You can't find anything in His life to criticise unfavorably, and there is something in His religion, though my life may not show it."

Georgie Dunham winked briskly for a minute or two, then, jumping down from the desk where she was sitting, she put out her hand and said frankly: "I'm right glad to hear you say so, Sue; I didn't like the way you were doing, and I've more faith in you now than ever before, for there must be something in it, or you would not say this."

No one but Sue herself knew how thankful she felt when, a few weeks later, Georgie, half laughingly, half tearfully, but wholly in earnest, avowed herself on the Lord's side henceforth and forever. But Sue never forgot how near she had been to turning this soul away from Christ rather than to him, and the memory caused her to be always very humble, vigilant, and also very pitifully charitable toward others.—*S. S. Times.*

THE CRY OF THE HEATHEN.

Ruttonji Nowroji, of Aurungabad, in the dominions of the Nizam of Hydrabad, Central India, was recently preaching with his Christian helpers at a town called Paitan, on the River Godavery. There was a great Hindu fair going on, which was attended by thousands of people. He writes:—

In the great gathering of this celebrated town we have managed to keep up our preaching for twelve hours daily for nearly a week. I calculated that at least 10,000 or 12,000 people heard the Gospel message, and never did they hear us with greater attention and pleasure. I have noticed a strange desire on their part to know our religion. There is a restlessness, an increasing restlessness, on the part of the masses, and often have I heard them exclaim, "Oh, do show us the way of salvation! Show us the inner mysteries of your religion. We are far from being happy. We want peace. Our religions do not satisfy us. Can your religion give what ours cannot?"

I will mention one instance. A Brahmin, employed as schoolmaster, visited us daily. He had several questions to propose, and he was so earnest that it was a pleasure to converse with him. At the time of parting he put up both his hands—joined them together (which Brahmins never do, except only to Brahmins)—and with moistened eyes he told me in the presence of a large audience—

"Oh, sir, how grateful I am for the trouble you have taken in solving my difficulties, and how much I feel refreshed and comforted! I will remember your kindness to my dying day. I know not when God will permit us to meet each other. But, oh! sir, let me make one request. In all your preaching, and at the conclusion of every religious discourse, call upon my countrymen to learn to read. When they read your Scriptures they will be convinced that Christianity is Divine, revealing to sinners God's plan of salvation. I feel so sorry to part with you, but my leave is up, and I must be at my post. But from the bottom of my heart I thank you.—*Word and Work.*

DAILY BREAD IN HARD TIMES.

"It's dreadful to live this way! I do wonder why God doesn't answer your prayer and send you some work," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Are you hungry, wife? I'm sure I thought we had a very good breakfast," responded John Wilson.

"But we've nothing for dinner!"

"But it isn't dinner time yet, my wife."

"Well, I must confess I'd like to know what we are to have just a little while before dinner time."

"God has said our bread and water shall be sure, but he has not promised that we shall know beforehand where it's coming from."

"Father," said little Maggie, "do you s'pose God knows what time we have dinner?"

"Yes, my dear child, I suppose He knows exactly that. I've done my best to get work, and I'll go out now and look about; you go to school, and don't be the least mite afraid, Maggie. There'll be some dinner."

"But we're out of soap and starch," said the mother.

"As for the starch, you couldn't use it if you had it. I'm sure I had soap when I washed my hands this morning," said John.

"Yes, a little bit. But it's not enough to do the washing."

"But the washing will not come till next Monday. As for the starch, it isn't one of the necessaries of life."

"If I had some potatoes I could make some," said Mrs. Wilson, musingly.

"Well, I'm going out now to try and find some work. You just cast your burden on the Lord, mother, and go about your housework just as if you knew what was coming next, and don't go and take the burden right up again. That's the trouble with you. You can't trust the Lord to take as good care of it as you think you would, and so you take it up again, and go round groaning under the burden."

"Well, I do wonder He lets such troubles come. Here you've been out of work these three months, with only an occasional day's work, and you've been a faithful, conscientious Christian ever since I knew you."

"I've been an unfaithful, unprofitable servant, and that's true, mother, whatever you may think of me," replied John Wilson humbly. "God is trying our faith now. After He's provided for us so long, what will He think of us if we distrust Him now, just because want, seems to be near, before ever it has touched us?"

John Wilson went away to seek work, and spent the forenoon seeking vainly. God saw that here was a diamond worth polishing. He subjected His servant's faith to a strain, but it bore the test. I will not say that no questionings or painful thoughts disturbed the man as he walked homeward at noon. Four eager, hungry little children, just home from school to find the table unspread, and no dinner ready for them; an aged and infirm parent, from whom he had concealed as far as possible all his difficulties and perplexities, lest he should feel himself a burden in his old age, awakened to a realization that there was not enough for him and them—these were not pleasant pictures to contemplate, and all through the long, weary forenoon Satan had been holding them up to his view, and it was only by clinging to the Lord, as drowning men cling to the rope that is thrown to them, that he was kept from utter despondency.

"Thou knowest, O Lord, that I've done my best to support my family. My abilities are small, but I've done my best. Now, Lord, I'm waiting to see Thy salvation. Appear for me! Let me not be put to shame.

"'Increase my faith, increase my hope,
Or soon my strength will fail.'"

So he prayed in his own simple fashion as he walked along.

He drew near to his own door with something of shrinking and dread. But the children rushed out to meet him with joyous shouts.

"Come right in, father; quick! We've got a splendid dinner all ready. We've been waiting for you, and we're fearfully hungry."

The tired steps quickened, and the strongly drawn lines on the weary face softened to a look of cheerful questioning, such as was oftenest seen there. He came in and stood beside his wife, who was leaning over the fire dipping soup out of the big dinner pot with a ladle.

"How is this, mother?" said he.

"Why, father! Mr. Giddings has been over from Bristol. He came just after you went out. And he says a mistake was made in your account last August, which he has just found out by accident; he owed you fifteen shillings more, and he paid it to me. So I——"

"I don't think it was by accident, though," said John Wilson, interrupting her.

"Well, I thought as we had nothing for dinner I'd better buy some meat and——"

"Do you think it was accident that sent us that money to-day, mother?" persisted the thankful man.

"No, I don't think so," said his wife, humbly; "I think it was Providence. And I'm thankful, I'm sure. I did try to trust, but I'll try harder next time. You haven't heard the whole, though. Mr. Giddings wants you next Monday for all the week, and he thinks for all summer."

The grace at table was a long one, full of thanks and praise, but not even the youngest child was impatient at its length.—*British Workman.*

Question Corner.—No. 5.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

The ancestor of a line of priests.
A runaway slave.
A beautiful queen who disobeyed her husband.
A beautiful Jewish wife of a heathen king.
A giant king.
A great man who was a leper.
David's oldest brother.
A Christian who spoke words of comfort to a blind man.
One who came with Joseph of Arimathea to pay respect to the body of Christ.
The fourth of the minor prophets.
A disciple employed by Paul to carry his letters to several churches.
The mother of Manasseh.
The grandson of Adam.
The son of Simon the Cyrenian.
The whole is a saying of St. John.

BIBLE STUDY.

The earliest Bible mention of the object of which I am thinking occurs in connection with a very ancient country, a royal personage and a young man who had great trials, and came to high honor. Later it is associated with a miraculous event; then, with some one whose peculiar action gave rise to a proverbial expression; again, with a man of exalted rank whose earnest spirit of enquiry led to glorious results. The sublimest utterance is concerning the most high God.

Aside from sacred association, my word is linked with the thought of heathen deities, and mortal men; with fire and water; with love and war; with quadrupeds, birds and fishes.

What is the word?
What are my Bible allusions?
What the other associations?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 8.

BIBLE STUDY.

Fox. Herod. The royal surroundings. The dens of foxes. The food which they take. The fox Indians. To cover the feet of boots with new front upper leather. The Fox river. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. John Fox the historian; he wrote the Book of Martyrs. Charles James Fox the English statesman.

Judges xv. 4: Ezra xiii. 4: St. Matthew viii. 20: St. Luke xiii. 32.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Jonathan—Abinadab.—1 Sam. xxxi. 2.

1. J-oshu-a.....Joshua i. 1.
2. O-re-b.....Judges vii. 25.
3. N-aom-i.....Ruth i. 20.
4. A-aro-n.....Exodus iv. 14.
5. T-abith-a.....Acts ix. 36.
6. H-ero-d.....Acts xii. 1.
7. A-quil-a.....Acts xviii. 2
8. N-ada-b.....Num. iii. 4.

VALUABLE POSSESSIONS.

2 Peter i. 5, 8.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received to No. 2. from Annie D. Burr, Flora C. Burr, and Alma G. McCullouch; and a very neatly written and correct answer to the Christmas Puzzle Story from Bertie Thomson.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.

March 11, 1883.] [Acts 6:1-15.

THE SEVEN CHOSEN.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 3-5.

(Revised Version.)

Now in those days, when the number of the 1
disciples was multiplying, there arose a murmuring of the Grecian Jews against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration. And the twelve 2
called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not fit that we should forsake the word of God, and serve tables. Look ye out therefore, brethren, *from among* 3
you seven men of good report, full of the Spirit and of wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will continue 4
steadfastly in prayer, and in the ministry of the word. And the saying pleased the whole 5
multitude; and they chose Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Spirit, and Philip, and Prochorus, and Nicanor, and Timon, and Parmenas, and Nicolas a proselyte of Antioch; whom they set before the apostles: and 6
when they had prayed, they laid their hands on them.

And the word of God increased; and the 7
number of the disciples multiplied in Jerusalem exceedingly; and a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith.

And Stephen, full of grace and power, 8
wrought great wonders and signs among the people. But there arose certain of them that 9
were of the synagogue called the synagogue of the Libertines, and of the Cyrenians, and of the Alexandrians, and of them of Cilicia and Asia, disputing with Stephen. And they 10
were not able to withstand the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spake. Then they suborned men, which said, We have heard him 11
speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God. And they stirred up the people, 12
and the elders, and the scribes, and came upon him, and seized him, and brought him into the council, and set up false witnesses, which 13
said, This man ceaseth not to speak words against this holy place, and the law; for we 14
have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered unto us. And all that sat in the council, fastening 15
their eyes on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom."—Acts 6:3.

TOPIC.—Helpers in Church Work.

LESSON PLAN.—1. HELPERS NEEDED, vs. 1-4. 2. HELPERS CHOSEN, vs. 5-7. 3. STEPHEN ARRAIGNED, vs. 8-15.

Time.—A.D. 34-36. Place.—Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

The council, on hearing the defence of the apostles, were greatly enraged against them, and were bent on putting them to death. But Gamaliel, a lawyer of great influence, sought to calm the tumult. His advice prevailed. But some punishment must be inflicted to justify this third arrest, so they had the twelve stripped to the bare back and whipped. Again they were commanded not to speak in the name of Jesus, and then they were let go. But there is only one way to keep such men silent—to kill them. They went out of the council with bleeding backs but radiant faces, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for Christ's name, and they ceased not openly to preach Jesus Christ.

But a new danger now threatened the church. Jealousies arose among the disciples, leading to murmurings against the apostles themselves. Our lesson tells us how wisely the apostles met these murmurings and provided against any future cause of complaint.

LESSON NOTES.

GRECIANS—Jews who spoke the Greek language and used the Greek Scriptures. HEBREWS—Jews speaking the Syro-Chaldaic language and using the Hebrew Scriptures. The large increase of the church had increased the number of those needing aid. V. 2. NOT REASON—"not pleasing" to us, as entrusted with a higher ministry. SERVE TABLES—care for feeding the poor. V. 3. OF HONEST REPORT—of a good clear reputation. V. 5. PROSELYTE OF ANTIOCH—a Gentile of that city who had embraced the Jewish religion, and had now become a Christian. V. 6. LAID THEIR HANDS—seeking for them God's blessing and setting them apart for their work. This is generally regarded as the institution of the office of DEACON. V. THE WORD OF GOD INCREASED—was preached with new power and effect upon the hearts of men. WERE OBEDIENT TO THE FAITH—received Christ and his gospel for their salvation. V. 8. POWER—miraculous power, the gift of the Holy Ghost. V. 9. SYNAGOGUE—a Jewish assembly for prayer, Scripture-reading and exposition. Also the place where such services were held. LIBERTINES—Jewish freedmen who had been slaves at Rome; the descendants of those who were carried captive by Pompey and afterward liberated. V. 10. THE SPIRIT—the Holy Spirit. He spoke with WISDOM, for he spoke by inspiration. V. 11. SUBORNED—got them to testify falsely. Beaten in argument, they tried fraud. BLASPHEMOUS—words of contempt or railing, whether against GOD or anything sacred. V. 13. FALSE—because they gave to his words a meaning he never intended. V. 14. THIS JESUS OF NAZARETH—language of strong contempt. CUSTOMS—the Jewish rites and ceremonies. This was true, but it was only because the old system was to be fulfilled in the new. As they took it, and in the use they made of it, it was a lie. V. 15. THE FACE OF AN ANGEL—lighted up with the radiance of heaven.

TEACHINGS:

1. It is the duty of the church to provide for the poor.
2. Church people, and especially church officers, should be above reproach.
3. Great faith gives great power.
4. A statement may be false though the words be true.
5. We may expect help from God in bearing testimony for him.

LESSON XI.

March 18, 1883.] [Acts 7:51; 8:4.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 51-60.

(Revised Version.)

Now when they heard these things, they 54
were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of 55
the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, 56
Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. But they cried out with a loud voice, 57
and stopped their ears, and rushed upon him with one accord: and they cast him out of 58
the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their garments at the feet of a young man named Saul. And they stoned 59
Stephen, calling upon the Lord, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled 60
down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep. And Saul was 1
consenting unto his death.

And there arose on that day a great persecution against the church which was in Jerusalem: and they were all scattered abroad 2
throughout the regions of Judæa and Samaria, except the apostles. And devout men buried Stephen, and made great lamentation 3
over him. But Saul laid waste the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison.

They therefore that were scattered abroad 4
went about preaching the word.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2:10.

TOPIC.—Dying for Christ.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE MARTYRDOM OF STEPHEN, VS. 51-60. 2. THE PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH, VS. 1-4.

Time.—About A.D. 36 or 37, in immediate connection with the last lesson. Place.—The council-hall in Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

Stephen, having vindicated himself from the charge of blasphemy, showed the council how the Jews had always rejected the messengers that God had sent to them. He then boldly and directly charged his hearers with the same wilful and wicked spirit. Their fathers resisted the Holy Ghost; so did they. Their fathers persecuted and slew the prophets of Jesus; they betrayed and murdered Jesus himself. Our lesson to-day tells us how they wreaked their vengeance upon this faithful witness for Jesus who so boldly set their sins before them.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 54. CUT TO THE HEART—greatly enraged. GNASHED ON HIM—snapping at him like a dog or beasts of prey. V. 55. LOOKED UP—fixed the eye of faith on "the things above." If he had only gazed at the maddened men around him he would have missed the glorious vision. If we would see what is bright and beautiful, we must "look up." THE GLORY OF GOD—some glorious manifestation of God himself, like that on Sinai (Ex. 24:16) or in the tabernacle (Ex. 40:34). V. 56 THE SON OF MAN—this name is nowhere else in the New Testament applied to Christ except by Christ himself. This same council had heard these very words from the lips of Christ (Matt. 26:64), and now Stephen testified that he whom they had crucified was actually exalted as he had foretold. V. 58. STOPPED THEIR EARS—in token of abhorrence at his alleged blasphemy. V. 58. STONED HIM—a savage, mob-like proceeding, without legal sanction, for it was not lawful for the Jews to put any one to death. John 18:31. THE WITNESSES—they were required by law to cast the first stones (Deut. 17:5-7); so they laid aside their loose outer garments to be more free in throwing. AT A YOUNG MAN'S FEET—for safe-keeping, and probably because of his official authority. Acts 26:10. SAUL—the first mention of one whose name has since filled all the world. Vs. 59, 60. Stephen prayed to the Lord Jesus as he died—first that he would receive his soul, and then for his murderers. Compare these dying prayers and Christ's. Luke 23:46, 34. V. 60. In the midst of so much violence all was as peaceful to him as if he had slept his life away. God's people SLEEP in the grave for a night, to wake in the glorious morning. Ch. 8:1. CONSENTING—agreeing, acting in concert with the murderers. AT THAT TIME—on the very day of Stephen's death and burial. EXCEPT THE APOSTLES—they remained, doubtless, by divine direction, to hold the place for the Church. V. 3. MADE HAVOC—ravaged and wasted like a fierce wild beast. V. 4. EVERYWHERE—compare Acts 11:19. It was a fierce and terrible persecution. See Paul's own account of it in Acts 22:4; 26:9-11. PREACHING THE WORD—every exiled believer became a travelling missionary. The persecuting Jews thought to stamp out the fire, but they only scattered the burning coals through the wood.

TEACHINGS:

1. It is better to suffer or die for the truth than to betray it.
2. The spirit of truth is the spirit of forgiveness.
3. Saints on earth sometimes get a glimpse of heaven's glory.
4. Loss is gain and death is life to those who love God.
5. If we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with him. 2 Tim. 2:12. (See also Golden Text.)

UNEXPECTED RESULTS.

I know a man who, when a boy, heard a sermon from the old prophet's inquiry, "Is it well with thee?" The discourse was pronounced by a kindly Christian minister unknown to fame, and who has always remained in obscurity; but his heart was full of love for souls, and his life full of humble labor for the Master. He so rung the changes on that enquiry, "Is it well with thee?" and so pressed the enquiry home, that that boy never forgot it. Twenty years after that sermon was preached, that boy, then a man, was spending a day on business in a town in Northern Ohio when he learned that his long-ago pastor was in charge of a church in an adjoining town. It was winter, and there was no convenient way of securing a conveyance; so that man trudged through the snow several miles to tell that minister about the seed long ago dropped and forgotten; and it was affecting in the extreme to witness the thankful joy and tearful surprise with which the good man and his faithful wife received the recital.

I could tell you about a man who was diligent in Sunday-school work for more than a score of years, who one day made sad confession that, so far as he knew, no soul had ever been led to Christ by his direct instrumentality. No one had ever said or intimated to him that he had helped that one into the kingdom. He had held on to the work on general principles, but had received no special encouragement. The lane turned finally. There came a revival in that Sunday-school, and every class (but the infant class and a class of adults who were all members) furnished converts; and the next communion saw an addition to that little body which more than doubled the number of its membership. After that event several came to him with the longed-for announcement that to his personal endeavor they owed, under God, their conversion.

How very little we realize the growth of a small stream of influence, whether for good or evil. This same man several years ago was telling a lady friend of some plans of activity in which he had engaged. It was a casual evening conversation as they met socially, and was soon forgotten by him. The lady returned to her home in a thriving western city, and calling a circle of young women about her, announced her determination of leaving her old church and finding another where they were "doing something," unless the latent forces there would organize and "do something." "What shall we do?" was the eager response; and that lady was startled to find herself in the position of a leader. She rose to the exigency, however, and the result was the formation of a society for mission work. They groped about the home-field, doing some good work and making some blunders; but experience brought wisdom, and now their well-directed efforts are supporting two native missionaries abroad and a Bible reader in their own city. Their success stimulated the formation of a children's society in the same church; and by-and-by the young men formed another association; and out of it all came church activity, mission-schools, home and foreign work, increased knowledge and zeal, internal improvement, and external growth.

This winter that lady was again on a visit in this city, and recalled to her old friend the evening conversation of years ago, told him the above story with its delightful details, and fairly paralyzed him by declaring that it all was the immediate result and outgrowth of the stimulating words which he had spoken.—*American Messenger.*

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

We have received many letters about the pictures which were sent as premiums to those who obtained new subscribers for the *Messenger* and all are favorable. We have room for but one of these letters this number and we publish it in full. A list of the pictures and directions how to obtain them may be read in another column on this page.

TORONTO, Jan. 20th, 1883.

DEAR SIR:—We were all pleasantly surprised when the beautiful pictures came. I am sure I don't deserve such a large compensation. It was no trouble to get subscribers; only two of all I asked refused. It was because I wanted to work for Jesus, and I think in circulating the *Messenger* I would be doing something for Him that has done so much for us. I am a little girl only seven years and twenty days. I have taken the *Messenger* three years past. It has been a bright sunbeam in our home in the past and now we need it more than ever since, last Christmas, the Lord has seen fit to take our dear papa to heaven. He wanted to go so much and said the Lord would take care of us and He will, although we are lonely and sad. If Jesus was not with us we would not want to stay here. I have three little brothers younger than myself, five, three and one year old. I gave "Moses" to baby (he is just such another), and "At Home" and "In Captivity," one each, to the other two boys. We are going to save all our coppers to have them framed; They are too pretty to spoil by putting them up without. I give all my *Messengers* away to my little companions, after we have learned by heart all we can remember, so we know all about it then. I wanted them to take it. Mother says it will be a good idea to take them to school this year and give them one each to all the girls in my class. I wanted to keep them for a book. Mother says we must not be selfish, as we get so many useful lessons we must help others all we can. Many thanks for the beautiful pictures.

EFFIE CAMERON,
70 Conway street, Toronto, Ont.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

1.—THE INFANT MOSES. This beautiful and celebrated picture by De La Roche shows in the foreground Moses, a chubby little baby, lying in his cradle made of bulrushes. He is a beautiful, lively, little fellow with eyes wide open, and looking seriously, as if before them were passing all the events of his future history. If the original Moses were but half as interesting in appearance as this picture represents him to be, it is no wonder that Pharaoh's daughter took such an interest in him. Just behind the cradle and half hidden in the reeds that are growing on the bank, stands his sister Miriam looking earnestly across the river.

2.—THE BUGLE CALL AFTER THE BATTLE, is a scene of a different nature. On an eminence in the field where the battle had been fought is the bugler on horseback sounding the call to form into line. The horses of a cavalry brigade hearing the call, of themselves respond and gallop into line, some of them wounded, some of them unwounded, but all riderless. It is a touching picture—and an animal counterpart of the Roll Call.

3.—LASSOING WILD HORSES is another exciting horse picture. The herd of wild horses are dashing down a slope pursued by the Mexican rangers who are throwing the lasso around the necks of some of them. There is life in every line of this picture.

4.—"SIMPLY TO THY CROSS I CLING." This is an old favorite. Most of our readers have seen it in one form or another. The cross surrounded by a flood of light, the figure clinging to it with upturned face full of hope, the waves dashing against the rock on which the cross stands, and the dark hand pulling away the pieces of wreck that might have been a support. But holding to the cross she is secure—safe above the dashing waves.

5.—HARBOR SCENE AT NIGHT.—This is one of the most striking of all. It cannot be described. The play of light and shadow is exquisite.

6-7.—AT HOME—IN CAPTIVITY. This pair of pictures represents the orang-outang first, in his native jungle as ferocious an animal as well can be imagined, and in his cage in the menagerie having a grand frolic. This pair of pictures will just suit the boys.

8.—AFTER DUCKS. This represents an Irish spaniel dashing through the reeds after a duck and makes a very pretty picture.

9.—GOING TO SCHOOL is a very pretty picture of a Normandy peasant girl dressed in the picturesque costume of her country with books and basket going to the school.

10.—PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS.—This excellent portrait we presented last year to subscribers of the *Witness* on certain conditions.

WHO CAN GET THESE PICTURES? Everybody who sends one new subscription to the *Messenger* will receive one of these pictures neatly done up in a roll so that it will not be creased or in any way injured; and a picture will be sent for every new subscriber obtained. The subscriptions of *Two Old Subscribers* in addition to one's own will count as one new one.

CLUB RATES.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—

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